God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
*Prin.* God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
*Glo.* My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

*Enter Lord Maior.*

*Lo.M.* God blesse your Grace, with health and happy daies
*Prin.* I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Ha.*
*Buck.* And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord.
*Pria.* Welcome my L. what, will our mother come?
*Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
*Buc.* Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? L. Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene thesend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother presently?
If she dgnie, L. Hastings go with him,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
*Car.* My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne to Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
*Buck.* You are too senceleſſe obstinate my L.
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then



Then taking him from the
You breake no priuiledge
Oft haue I heard of sanctu
But Sanctuarie children n
*Car.* My Lord, you sh
Come on Lord Hastings,
*Hast.* I go my Lord.
*Pri.* Good Lords make
Say Vncle Gloceſter, if ou
Where shall we sojourne
*Glo.* Where it thinkst bes
If I my counsel you som
Your highnesse shall repo
Then where you please &
For your best health and
*Pri.* I do not like the T
Did Iulius Cæser build th
*Buck.* He did, my gracio
Which since succeding ag
*Prin.* Is it vpon record,
Successiuely from age to a
*Buck.* Vpon record my
*Prin* But say my Lord
Me thinkes the truth shou
As twere retaild to all pos
Euen to the generall endi
*Glo.* So wise, so yong, they
*Prin.* What say you Vn
*Glo.* I say, without Chara
Thus like the formall vic
I moralize two meanings
*Prin.* That Iulius Cæsar
With what his valour did e
His wit set downe to make
Death makes no conqueſt
For now he liues in fame,
Ile tell you what my Cous
*Buck.* What my gratious
*Prin.* And if I liue vntil

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